

*The history*

some liking, I shall be out of heart shortly, and then I shall haue no strength to repent. And I haue not forgotten what the inside of a Church is made of, I am a Pepper corne, a brewers Horfe, the inside of a Church, Company, villainous company, hath been the spoile of me.

*Bar.* Sir Iohn, you are so fretfull you cannot liue long.

*Fal.* Why, there is it; come sing me a bawdie song, make me merry. I was as vertuously giuen as a gentleman need to be, vertuous enough, swore little, dic't not aboute seuen times a weeke, went to a bawdy house not aboute once in a quarter of an houre, paid money that I borrowed three or foure times, liued wel, and in good compasse, and nowe I liue out of all order, out of all compasse.

*Bar.* Why, you are so fat, sir Iohn, that you must needes be out of all compasse: out of all reasonable compasse, sir Iohn.

*Fal.* Do thou amend thy face, and ile amend my life: thou art our Admiral, thou bearest the lanterne in the poepe, but tis in the nose of thee: thou art the knight of the burning lampe.

*Bar.* Why, sir Iohn, my face does you no harme.

*Fal.* No ile be sworn, I make as good vse of it as many a man doth of a deaths head, or a *memento mori*. I neuer see thy face, but I thinke vpon hell fire, and Diues that liued in Purple: for there he is in his robes burning, burning. If thou wert any waie giuen to vertue, I would sweare by thy face: my oath should be by this fire that Gods Angell. But thou art altogether giuen ouer: and wert indeede but for the light in thy face, the sonne of vtter darkenesse. When thou ranst vp Gadshill in the night to catch my horse, if I did not thinke thou hadst beene an *ignis fatuus*, or a ball of wildfire, theres no purchase in money. O thou art a perpetuall triumph, an euerlasting bonfire light, thou hast saued me a thousand Markes in Linkes, and Torches, walking with thee in the night betwixt tauerne and tauerne: but the sacke that thou hast drunke me, would haue bought me lights as good cheape, at the dearest Chandlers in Europe. I haue maintained that Sallamander of yours with fire any time this two and thirty yeares. God reward me for it.

*Bar.* Zbloud, I would my face were in your belly.

*Fal.* Godamercy, so should I be sure to be hart burnt.

How

*of Henrich the fourth.*

How now dame Partlet the hen, haue you enquired *Enter host.* yet who pickt my pocket?

*Hostesse.* Why sir Iohn, what do you thinke sir Iohn, doe you thinke I keepe theeues in my house, I haue searcht, I haue enquired, so has my husband, man by man, boy by boy, seruant by seruant, the tigh of a haire, was neuer lost in my house before.

*Fal.* Yee lie Hostesse, Bardoll was shau'd, and lost manie a haire, and ile be sworne my pocket was pickt: go to, you are a woman, go.

*Ho.* Who I No, I defie thee: Gods light I was neuer cald so in mine owne house before.

*Fal.* Go to. I know you well enough.

*Ho.* No, sir Iohn, you do not know me, sir Iohn, I knowe you sir Iohn, you owe me mony sir Iohn, and now you picke a quarrell to beguile me of it, I bought you a douzen of shirts to your backe.

*Falst.* Doulas, filthie Doulas. I haue giuen them away to Bakers wiues, they haue made boulders of them.

*Host.* Now as I am a true woman, holland of viii s. an ell, you owe mony here, besides sir Iohn, for your diet, and by drinkings, and mony lent you xxiiii. pound.

*Falst.* He had his part of it, let him pay.

*Host.* He, alas he is poore, he hath nothing.

*Fal.* How? poore? looke vpon his face. What call you rich? let them coyne his nose, let them coyne his cheekes, ile not pay a denyer: what will you make a yonker of mee? shall I not take mine ease in mine Inne, but I shall haue my pocket pickt? I haue lost a seale ring of my grandfathers worth fortie marke.

*Ho.* O Iesu, I haue heard the Prince tell him I know not how oft, that that ring was copper.

*Falst.* How? the prince is a iacke, a sneakeup, Zbloud and hee were here, I would cudgell him like a dog if he would say so.

*Enter the prince marching, and Falstaffe meetes him playing vpon his trunchion like a fife.*

*Falst.* How now lad, is the winde in that doore ifaith, must we all march?

*Bar.* Yea, two, and two, Newgate fashion.

*Host.* My Lord, I pray you heare me.

G.iii.

Prin.